

INDIAN
CONGRESSMEN

BY

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167 FOPHALL'S BROADWAY

TO
THE MEMORY OF
Charles Bradlaugh

Bravolaugh ! Thou shouldst be living a thousand
And a half need of thee

PREFACE.

It is not pretended that these sketches about some of the leading men connected with the National Congress movement in India, are either exhaustive or faultless. No order has been observed in the selection of the men; nor can the selection be said to be complete. If some sketches are longer than others, it is not because the men are not equally important but because I have either not known them sufficiently well or because I could not get the necessary information. My justification for publishing these sketches in this form is that none of those whose portraiture has been attempted has taken offence at my description and that some of my good friends have thought them worthy of a better fate than the generality of ephemeral publications in the *Madras Standard*.

G. P.

FLOWER'S ROAD, EGMORE, }
Madras, April 15, 1899. }

INDIAN CONGRESSMEN.

. Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji.

If India were a Republic and the Republic had the right to elect its own President, the man who by the unanimous voice of his countrymen would be elected its uncrowned king is Mr Dadabhai Naoroji. No Indian is more loved, more honored, more esteemed throughout the length and breadth of India than he. Others there are who have an Indian reputation but their provincial reputation is even greater than their Indian reputation. To Mr Naoroji alone is accorded the proud privilege of belonging to all India. Though born in Bombay, Bombay cannot claim him as her son any more than Calcutta or Madras. He is the dearest of India's sons, her greatest favourite, her chief source of pride. What Mr Bonnerji is to Calcutta, what Mr Mehta is to Bombay that Mr Naoroji is to all India. Well and truly has he been styled the "Grand Old Man of India". When other leading Congressmen were crawling in and out of their cradles and years before I had seen the light of day, Mr Naoroji was engaged in sowing the seeds of political agitation in England on behalf of India. Four and forty years have elapsed. And the "Grand Old Man" is still at his post of duty, hearty and hale, grown grey in his country's service but not weary, still manfully fighting his country's battles never losing courage but ever hopeful of his country's future. His task is unselfish. He

Those who see Mr Naoroji for the first time will feel disappointed. Though soon after his election as a Member of Parliament "F. O. G." drew him in the *Westminster Gazette* as the modern Colossus with one foot on Great Britain and the other on India between whose legs steamers and ships floated gaily, he is a small man with a short silvery beard, broad intellectual forehead, a Grecian nose and a pair of intelligent eyes gleaming behind his spectacles. Lord Salisbury has immortalized him as a "black man," but if you meet him in the streets of London you would never take him to be an Indian. In colour fair, in dress English, in behaviour a gentleman, there is nothing in him to show that he is the representative of a coloured race. Simple in appearance, Mr Naoroji is simple in his dress, in his diet, in his tastes and in his speech. If Mr Naoroji dressed, he did it because it was a social necessity or an index to respectability. If he ate, he ate to live. He lives on bread and water with enough of meat to keep him in good health. He neither drinks nor smokes. When he spoke or wrote, he paid no particular attention to words. Words were subsidiary to facts and figures and he hugged facts and figures as he hugged his life breath. His rooms whether in the National Liberal Club or in 'Washington House' in Anerley Park are strewn with books and papers of every description—chiefly volumes of statistics, histories, newspaper correspondence, and Parliamentary blue books. Nothing that has ever been published about India has Mr Naoroji missed. Every paper, every book receives his most careful attention. Open any and you find his pencil marks. None is a more careful reader, none a more patient thinker. He digests statistics more easily than his food. Converse with him and he soon takes you to the poverty problem in India, overwhelms you with figures, oppresses you with facts till you betake yourself to some other subject. He drags you back to the Home Charges and he pulls out from

his piles of blue books authorities on the point. Weary of foolscap you change the subject of conversation. Mr Naoroji leads you again to incidence of taxation in India. Again, quotations are cited from speeches, statistical abstracts are spread on the table and turrets of books fall down and lie scattered in the attempt to pick out the pick of them. "Nothing is a greater error," Mr Naoroji exclaims, "than to compare the incidence of taxation in England to the incidence of taxation in India. A ton of weight will crush an ant but it will be easily borne by an elephant."

Mr Naoroji is very properly known as the Grand Old Man of India. He has won this title by the age that he has attained and the respect he commands throughout India. But in character too he resembles the Grand Old Man of England. His like Gladstone is a saintly character, spotless and above reproach. His courtesy to young men is also, like that of Gladstone great. Gladstone was courteous to young and old men and women and he paid them the compliment of believing that they were on his own intellectual level. His manner towards his intellectual inferiors was a most unheroically humble. He consults, defers, enquires, argues his point where he would be fully justified in laying down the law, and eagerly seeks information from the mouths of babes and sucklings. This is exactly what Mr Naoroji does. Intellectual giant as he is on matters Indian he welcomes the youngest politician in India, treats him on a footing of equality argues with him, discusses with him, enquires for authorities and if he obtains anything new, carefully notes it down in his pocket book. In his person India has realised one of her wildest dreams—the dream of an Indian entering the House of Commons and pleading India's cause, urging India's interests and advocating India's claims.

agitation in England on behalf of India should be the first to enter the House of Commons 'The glory and credit of this great event—by which India is thrilled from one end to the other—of the new life, the joy, the ecstasy of India at the present moment are all your own' said Mr Naoroji in his maiden speech in the House of Commons. And once a member, there was none more attentive to his business, more scrupulous about the performance of it than Mr Naoroji. In his "Life in Parliament," Sir Richard Temple boasts that he was one of the few members of his time who took part in almost all divisions in the House and seldom "paired." If Mr Naoroji chose, he could say something similar. In the House of which he was a member it was found, that barring the Liberal whips he was the most regular attendant. During the Home Rule session when the largest number of divisions was recorded, Mr Naoroji voted in all but three!

In the House, however, he remained only for a short time. It is in the country, in the constituencies, he has done greater work for India. Year after year some Indian goes to Great Britain and is on the stump for a time. But each of them is merely the comet of a season. The only bright star of India which has illumined the political firmament in Great Britain during the past many years is Mr Naoroji. He loves his country with an intense, unselfish, patriotic love. His mind is absorbed in one great ruling passion, the love of his country. There is no more patriotic spirit, none more intrepid none more pure. He feels for his country most strongly. There are moments when tears have been observed to trickle down his cheeks in remembrance of the sufferings of his countrymen. "The present day," Metternich used to say "has no value for me except as the eve of to-morrow." It is even so with Mr Naoroji. It is India's future that goads him to action. It is India's future he wishes to brighten. And he works with an earnest, sincere, unselfish love for India. As he is, he knows no rest. Like the famous Flemish reha-

against the Spanish rule, he has taken for his motto "Rest Elsewhere." Having won the highest honors the people could confer on him—twice President of the Indian National Congress, once "member for India" in the English Parliament, having filled some of the highest offices a native of India could aspire to—Professor of Mathematics in a First Grade College, member of a Provincial Legislative Council, Dewan of a Native State—having founded some of the most useful institutions for the social and political amelioration of the condition of the people—the East India Association, the London Indian Society, the Bombay Presidency Association, the Framjee Cowasji Institute, the Iranee Fond, the Bombay Gymnasium and the Native General Library: and having given the most valuable evidence before Commissions and Committees—the Parliamentary Finance Committee, the Welby Commission and the Public Service Commission: old "Dady," dear "Dady," dear old "Dady" lives with one solitary object in life, to lighten the load of the heavily-laden.



Mr W. C. Bonnerjee

None has given a ruder shock to the South Indian conception of a Brahmin than Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee. In Madras where the great Brahmin population revel in semi-nudity, besmeared with ashes or punted with paste, men have rubbed their eyes to look and look and look again at the great Brahmin lawyer from Bengal. Tall, majestic, with a face once loved for its beauty now admired for its intelligence, supplemented by a long flowing beard whose black constituents are struggling to retain their mastery over their white neighbours, Mr. Bonnerjee looks every inch an English gentleman. No coloured turban covers his head. No thin, diaphanous muslin goes round his loins. No red shoes from Trichinopoly partially cover his feet. From head to foot he is dressed like an Englishman. Spotlessly dressed, precise in hand, simple in speech, polished in manners he is the *ideal* of a gentleman. English in dress, English in habits, he uses English fashion. England is as much his home as India and every year he divides his time between his English home and his Indian home. For work in India, for rest in England he flits from Calcutta to Crofton as one flits from Charing Cross to the City. As you enter his palatial residence in the great metropolis of India you hear a bell which demurely announces your arrival and stepping into his house you find it is not only furnished English fashion but has all the quietness of an English home. And if you stay for dinner, you may find among the family group members of the two great races, Western and Eastern. Around the dinner table are often gathered the *elite* of the people of Calcutta, both European and Indian. Governors and Judges, lawyers and merchants, men of all professions and of all shades of

opinion, and on these occasions none can play the host better than Mr W C Bonnerjee. It is then that he is seen at his best. Simple in words, brimful of information, Mr Bonnerjee creates an interest in himself which is seldom effaced. What was said of Renan's conversation is true of Mr Bonnerjee's. "It was the utmost refinement of performance on a fine instrument and without any stiffness or artificial display."

Able and clever, not all his wealth, not all his ability, not all the honors thrust on him have succeeded in turning his head. A man who has been twice President of the Congress could well be proud but he is not. A man to whom a seat on the High Court bench was twice offered may play the god, but he does not. A man who has been twice chosen as a candidate for an English constituency may claim to be a superior person but he does not. He is, however, born to command. Throughout India, no Congressman commands greater respect from his countrymen than Mr W C Bonnerjee. The word is season which at a critical moment does much to decide the result—the touch which determines whether a stone set in motion at the top of an eminence shall roll down on one side or other—this is what Mr Bonnerjee supplies to the Congress. His presence is a guarantee to good sense. When there is much wrangling and little work done, when there is some misunderstanding and it has to be removed, when a crisis has arrived and advice is needed, the appearance of Mr Bonnerjee's tall and imposing form has always a miraculous effect. He is a living force at the Congress. It was he that captured brains and money for it. He captured brains when he captured Bradlaugh. He captured money when he captured Dinubanga. He has had no small part in nursing the Congress baby. None has watched it with more anxiety. None has nourished it with greater care. He has had more to do with its shape its growth and its appearance than its father or mother. It was he that put it into its swad-

ding clothes at Bombay It was he that pulled it out of its swaddling clothes at Allahabad His position is unique He has assisted it at its birth He has nursed it tenderly. He has watched it with care He has put it on its legs He has supplied it with brains He has obtained for it money None has more constantly and more consistently been in charge of it

When the Congress coach comes to be driven, there is but one man who will be called upon by the unanimous voice of the people of India to drive it and that is Mr W O Bonnerjee By ability, by temperament and by the confidence he inspires, he is eminently fitted to be in charge of the Congress coach It is nine years now since I first formed this conception of Mr Bonnerjee Nothing has occurred during these nine years to change my conception of him But my picture of the Congress coach has been slightly marred by the removal of two familiar figures to whom I then accorded prominent place in it For the rest, the picture is as real to-day as it was in 1890 Let me recall what I then wrote 'There is nothing so pleasing as to see two spirited, powerful and well matched steeds yoked together to a carriage, dashing along in noble form, each proud of the other and the driver proud of both Thinking of Mr Eardley Norton and of Mr Surendranath Banerjee, I cannot help thinking of them as two such noble animals Attached to the Congress coach they stand snorting, sniffing neighing constantly, pawing the ground, biting the bit, impatient to be led Can any one find two other such Congress horses? But who is to drive them? Up mounts a tall and majestic form with a sedate face, supplemented by a hairy appendage reaching the breast. He lays aside the whip and holds the reins tight Who is he? Mr W O Bonnerjee, the Congress coachman Who are the Congress syces? On either side of the Congress coach, active, energetic, ready to run, each proud of its animal, stand two short forms, one dressed in white,

other in black Who are they? Mr Madan Mohan Malavaya and Mr Bipen Chunder Pal Inside the Congress coach are seated numerous Congressmen of all shapes and forms sizes and colours, but prominent among them in the centre are two one of them seen beneath a white turban and the other concealed under a dark beard The former is Mr Dalem Ramaswamy Mudaliar and the latter Pandit Adjudia Nath Crack goes the whip dash ahead the horses run breathless the eyes back pulls the coachman not so fast cries the turbaned one Hip Hip Hurrah! vociferates the bearded

A safe career to the Congress Coach! Such is Mr Bonnerjee He is no great orator But none is heard with greater respect or with greater attention at the Congress His style is forensic As at the bar so on the Congress platform He displays his great acumen his analytical skill his close reasoning his clear cut logic His simple words uttered in forcible language without gestulation without affectation go straight to the heart Many are the brilliant victories he has won at the bar In defence of poor men not able to pay of patriotic men not able to plead he has appeared many a time and oft and achieve distinguished success He has pleaded the cause of the poor at the bar He has pleaded the cause of truth at the Congress He has pleaded for righteousness before the British nation kindly courteous accomplished serviceable to the public ready to undergo sacrifices loved by all esteemed by all Mr Bonnerjee is the most seen and the best known Indian throughout India

Hon'ble Mr. Pherozesha Mehta.

That is a man who would serve his country with a spade or pickaxe if he could not serve her in any other way." So said Lord Brougham of the Duke of Wellington once. The same is true of the Hon'ble Mr Pherozesha M Mehta. There is something distinguishing in his very appearance. His figure is strikingly graceful and commanding, his features are high and noble. If found in a crowd and not known, he is one of those men about whom questions will be asked and whispers will be heard. His handsome face beaming with intelligence is set off to advantage by his perfect manners. Amiable to a fault, affable in the extreme, courteous accessible, Mr Mehta has the easy graces of a man of the mode. Nursed in the lap of luxury he looks like a prince and carries himself like a prince. But he is also a prince among men. Physically and intellectually endowed, he is a born leader. Early in the sixties in one of the inns of Court in London, two Indians of striking features, of marked ability were eating their dinners and delivering speeches. In a few years, they were both in India, one in Bengal and the other in Bombay. Both worked their way up in their profession. Both became eminent and distinguished. Both came to be recognised as men of light and leading. The one was Mr Bonnerjee the other was Mr Mehta. What Mr Bonnerjee is to Bengal that Mr Mehta is to Bombay. Eminent lawyers, trusted leaders, both are honoured, both are esteemed by the people.

Mr Mehta is a man of brilliant abilities. Eloquent in speech, excelling in debate, he is one of those who could easily persuade his audience to his own belief by the magic of his voice and the charm of his delivery. His eloquence is not of the boisterous order. Drawn to his full height, he speak

with proper emphasis and proper gesture, smiling when he indulges in light banter, frowning when he resorts to declamation and leaving behind always a pleasing impression of his performance. His eloquence is like that of Lord John Russell of which Moore has given us an apt description —

An eloquence not like those rills from a height
Which sparkle and foam and in vapour are o'er
But a current that works out its way into light
Through the filtering recesses of thought and of lore

But Mr Mehta is greater as a debater than as an orator. It is then that he is seen at his best. What wine was to Addison, the atmosphere of debate is to Mr Mehta. Few, very few are the occasions when Congressmen have had the opportunity of hearing Mr Mehta in a debate. I remember well one such occasion. It was at a meeting of the Subjects Committee of the Congress held at Poona. Mr Surendranath Bannerjee was in the chair and among those present were Mr Mehta and Mr Bonnerjee. A discussion arose in which there was a difference of opinion among the Congress leaders. Mr Surendranath Bannerjee rose and spoke with all the warmth and vehemence he could command and when he sat, he sat amidst cheers. Then rose Mr Mehta and in his pleasantest manner, he analysed Mr Bannerjee's arguments, made some humorous remarks evoked some laughter, and in a few minutes won over the Committee to his side. Mr Surendranath Bannerjee rose again and animated by the attack, he flew to higher flights of eloquence and wound up with a magnificent peroration which again elicited cheers. Then rose Mr Bonnerjee and in a simple and forcible speech attacked Mr Surendranath and turned the tables on him. It was a lively encounter, a heated debate, a first class performance. It was a fight between a lion, a tiger and a bear. There was but one other Congressman whose presence would have made the debate livelier still, who would have thrown more life and light into it and that was Mr. Eardley

Norton And there was but one historic occasion in the annals of the Congress, when this galaxy of Congressmen met and fought one another under the Congress banner It was at the Bombay Congress which Bradlaugh attended and they fought in the Subjects Committee over the scheme for the reform of Legislative Councils That was a rare intellectual treat indeed--Mr Surendranath's lofty declamation, followed by Mr Mehta's pungent and pitiless raillery, to be followed again by Mr Bonnerjee's simple and short shafts of logic, to be wound up by Mr Norton's piercing, incisive attacks These doughty champions of the Congress are like the gallant quadrilateral of musketeers in Dumas' story. But it is difficult to say who is the D Artagnan of the party

publicly avowed his admiration for Mr Mehta's commanding ability. Ready and willing to fight in every good cause, Mr Mehta has the great tact of directing his attacks in the most agreeable manner possible. His fiercest onslaughts are couched in the softest of language and his opponents scarcely feel their fierceness. His scathing denunciations are dealt out amidst pleasant wordy surroundings. The bitterest of his pills are coated with the sweetest sugar. His words penetrate like arrows but they pierce the flesh without pain. He never carried a heart stain away on his blade. There is a pool of honey about his heart which lubricates his speech with fine jets of mead. Mr Mehta is also a man of culture. His speeches betray his wide range of knowledge derived from the most recent publications. All the same, there is no parade of his knowledge, no show no exhibition. Genial, generous, cultured, accomplished, impartial to friend and foe alike, charitable by nature, orator, debater, tactician. Municipal Councillor, University Fellow, member of the Bombay Legislative Council, representative of Bombay in the Imperial Legislative Council, Joint Founder of the East India Association, Founder and First Secretary of the Bombay Presidency Association. Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire, Mr Pherozesha Mehta is one of the best loved and most loveable of men in all India.



Hon'ble Mr. P. Ananda Charlu.

With heavy steps, with a substantial stick in his right hand, with an unfinished cigar between two of his left hand fingers with an upturned face perched on a sportive neck-tie and protected by a tarhan 'sanguine hued of set purpose' enters the Hon'ble M R Ry Panapakkum Ananda Charlu Vidya Vmodha, Avergal, Rai Bahadur, B L, C I E. He is as merry as a marriage bell. Gayest of the gay, jolliest of the jolly, there is none whose company is more sought or whose society is more attractive than that of Mr Ananda Charlu. He is nothing if not humorous—humorous in private conversation, humorous in public speeches, humorous often at his own expense. Men of his age are struck with his hilarity, young men enjoy his cordiality and the people at large are impressed by his individuality. He is cosmopolitan in his views and tastes. He is a Hindu among Hindus, a Mahomedan among Mahomedans *minus* a beard, and a Christian among Christians not keeping Christmas. Like Diracl he is an adept in phrase making. "Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases" is his inseparable table companion. And Sydney Smith is his Bible. When in need of a choice phrase, an apt expression he consults his 'Thesaurus'. When in need of saying something striking something brilliant he opens his Sydney Smith. "Ask me for anything" he shrieked in despair at the laying of the foundation stone of a library in Southern India recently but don't ask me to part with my copy of Sydney Smith. His inimitable style is the result of laborious

Bits of wit, hulks of humour, float in his flowing conversation. Alliterative phrases leap to his lips with marvellous ease. He does not care to pepper his conversation with pellets of platitude. He was the first to discover that philanthropy by paragraphs is a perquisite of fame. 'A book is to some men a fetish,' said Freeman. "to me it is a working instrument." So is it with Mr Ananda Charlu. He works into the book, like a worm. He works the hook, like an artist into his conversation, his writings, his speeches. He is a prolific writer to the press and he is a writer of books. He has written a story on 'Virtue's Triumph'. He has orientally told "Love's Triumphs". The first work though dealing with the same ponderous epic is 'no competitor of Bahu Protah Chander Roy's monumental work'. In the second hook he has written of 'the wondrous magnificence of stupendous buildings, expansive streets, extensive gardens, redolent with odorous flowers, resplendent with blossoms of variegated hues and resonant with the chirrups and tones of soft-singing birds,' of being 'riveted to a spot dazed and amazed, of 'pedestrian pilgrimages,' and of love affairs 'ending with the consecrating matrimonial ceremonial'. Goldsmith said to Johnson "If you were to write a fable about little fishes, doctor, you would make the little fishes talk like whales". "Whether he wrote in the character of a disappointed legacy hunter" says Macaulay or an empty town foh or a crazy virtuoso or a flippant coquette, he wrote in the same pompous and unbending style. What was true of Johnson is true of Mr Ananda Charlu.

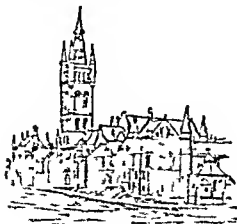
As a speaker Mr Ananda Charlu is well known. His words proceed like bullets from his mouth at measured intervals. There is a majesty and dignity about his delivery which is peculiarly his own. He is diminutive in appearance but when he appears on the platform, he swells and develops into importance. The fish does not more easily develop into the whale than Mr Ananda Charlu assumes the proportion.

of a giant. If added to his appearance he had a voice resembling the *mew mew* of a cat, he would have for ever remained in obscurity. But he has the voice of a giant and he has imagination; and when he lashes himself into fury on the platform he evokes all the respect due to a lion eager for the fray. And if anybody happens to cross his path just then he floors him by the ponderosity of his facts and the perspicacity of his logic. In the Imperial Council Chamber none fights with greater glee than Mr Ananda Charlu. He creates dismay among his colleagues by the wealth of his expressions. He objects however to words being ' unearthed from their deserved burial ground and being carried ' from within the limits of intelligible sense into regions shadowy and calculated to provoke endless and capricious speculation.' He hates words suggestive of "infinite doubt and considerable obscurity" and prefers "precision and perspicuity" to 'perilous vagueness.' He protests against the "muzzling of people's mouths to forego a useful auxiliary which with all its faults the governing classes here can ill spare in getting at the minds of the people—be it for correction, conciliation or compliance. Above all, he has rendered himself immortal by his challenge to smoke in a powder magazine. He threw the challenge in the Imperial Council Chamber. It struck awe into the minds of the members of Council. It entered the Viceregal residence where it received marked attention. It went the round of all the papers in India. It appeared in the House of Commons where the Secretary of State for India exhibited it for public view. Till at last, a period has been put to its restless career by nailing it to an inkstand as an inscription which adorns the drawing room of a local leading Congressman.

It was Mr Ananda Charlu who first saved Madras from ignominy. The Congress wanted a President from Madras and her first supply went in the shape of Mr Ananda Charlu. Madras will never more be branded as a land of mediocrities.

Having become President, Mr Ananda Charlu has developed into Proposer of Presidents. And not a Congress has been held without his weighty presence. None is a more ready speaker than Mr. Ananda Charlu and in this respect, he reigns supreme among his countrymen in Madras. Nobody loves a joke more keenly than Mr Ananda Charlu. He jokes often at his own expense and is loved in society by men and women. There is no false pride in him. He loves theatres, he loves schoolboys, he is willing to preside at any function, public or private and he is ever ready to speak. Whether in Calcutta or in Madras, he is equally familiar to all and equally at home. He cultivates acquaintances over his cigar and he humours them with his anecdotes.

To his gay free mien and his hearty laugh
 He is perfect—yes almost too perfect by half,
 How courtly his bow his smile how sweet
 And how measured is the tread of his heavy feet!
 Then how frank his look! You might think you could view
 The soul through the eye of this good Hindu
 How chaste his manners his English how choice
 How thundering how majestic the tones of his voice
 His whole demeanour seems to import
 That to live to please is his one great forte



Hon'ble Mr. Surendranath Bannerjee

What's that noise about? Why all this confusion? Why are people hurrying in that direction? Amongst much struggling, much elbowing you find that it is a dark figure darkly clad that is the object of all this inconvenient attention. There is nothing very remarkable about his appearance. Of medium height, of average build, he owns a beard, not over luxuriant in growth, which betrays that perennial youth is denied in this world even to the most gifted of men. His movements are quick, his lips quiver in silent music and his flashing eyes furnish an index to the superior intelligence of their remarkable owner. There is something magnetic about the man. His walk is a procession. When he walks, the people around him walk and they will not walk without him. When he sits, he is subject to two dangers—the photographer's camera and the congratulatory address. A third danger has recently been added—the phonograph. He can do nothing in private. Wherever he is, he soon becomes the centre of a circle. Such is the Hon'ble Mr. Surendranath Bannerjee.

No man's arrival is hailed with such satisfaction, such enthusiasm by Congress men as the arrival of the President of the Congress. But the Congress President is only the hero of the hour. He changes with time and tide. Year after year, a new figure appears at the Congress horizon and as he ascends the Congress sky, ardent Congressmen worship him from below. But his descent is as quick as his ascent. Not so however, with Mr. Surendranath Bannerjee. He is a fixed star on the Congress firmament whose appearance is always hailed with enthusiasm. President or no President, he is

recognised as one of the pillars of the Congress. Long before the Congress had become a reality, he had developed himself into a power in Bengal. What the Civil Service had lost, the country had gained. The worthy wearer of the mantle of Ram Gopal Ghose, he welded the people of Bengal into a whole which they had since become, at least for purposes of political agitation. Since the birth of the Congress, none has been more loyally attached to it than Mr. Surendranath Banerjee. Wherever he be, however multifarious his engagements, during the Congress season at the Congress hour, he is in the Congress pavilion. The Congress will lose half its attraction without him.

He is the Congress orator. And his oratory is peculiar. If there is one man in all India who at the present moment could, by the power of his tongue stir up a rebellion or suppress a revolt, that is Mr. Surendranath Banerjee. Blessed with a powerful voice possessed of sufficient physical energy to utilise that voice to its fullest extent Mr. Banerjee is the only Indian who is capable of addressing thousands of his countrymen at an open air meeting. There is no better instance of his wonderful physical and intellectual energy than that afforded by the delivery of his Presidential address at Poona. His thrilling speech from the chair which lasted for more than three hours in delivery was a marvellous performance in every way. As a physical feat it was worthy of a high place even at a circus. As an intellectual effort, few in India, it must be said are capable of delivering a more solid or more substantial address. As a feat of memory, it

It is interesting to watch him when on the platform. He does not always rest on both his feet. Generally, he rests on his left and makes his right foot serve the purpose of a pivot whereon he turns to the right and to the left. His body is in perpetual motion from right to left and left to right. If he begins a sentence when he faces the portion of the audience on his right, he finishes it by facing the portion on his left. He is the only Congress speaker who does not slight those behind him on the platform. Occasionally, he turns his full face to them—flushed with the heat of the moment, he has then all the appearance of the lion rampant. His head is thrown back and is always inclined on one side. When he turns to the right, his head is inclined to the left and when he turns to the left, his head is inclined to the right. Naturally, he is heard by all. When he has reached one of his highest flights and succeeded in throwing the audience into a deep silence, he brings into play the admirable cadence of his voice. One portion of a sentence he utters in his highest pitch and the other he utters in a half-whisper which is equally well heard by every one of the audience. It is something like a billow which rising very high, falls with a tremendous noise and all its force having spent itself by the fall, leaves the sandy shore foaming, in silent stillness. By such an adjustment of his voice he is able to retain enough of breath for an eloquent peroration.

The remarkable effect of his eloquence may be judged from the fact that he is able to elicit cheers whenever he wants. I remember an occasion when he had to address a very large audience. The place was over crowded and not a seat was vacant. He had reached that stage of his speech when he kept his hearers in profound silence. At the end of a long sentence either for the sake of obtaining time to think of what he had to say next or with some other object, he wanted to call forth a cheer. But when he found the audience did not readily respond, he paused a bit, and made

his right arm with which he was all the time fiercely gesticulating, remain outstretched vertically, his pointing finger directed towards the most sympathetic portion of the audience. The effect was instantaneous. The audience who were almost spell bound till then woke suddenly and as if they were reminded of their duty, cheered him vociferously. His gesticulations are wild. When he begins to speak, his left hand is placed behind his back as if to lend support to his body and as he speaks, his thumb is seen moving over the rest of his fingers as if engaged in holding an animated discussion with them and his right hand swings from one side to the other. As he warms into his speech, his right hand is raised above his head very often with his pointing finger outstretched, and when he reaches his peroration, both his hands go up and down vigorously like the piston of a steam engine. Very few Englishmen are accustomed to such gesticulations but I well remember how Mr Bradlaugh when in his Bombay speech he came to the passage where he used the word "hammer" raised both his hands above his head and clasping them together, brought them down with a tremendous force. His action reminded me of the "village blacksmith" and I thought that if he had only a hammer in his hand then and a nail below he would have with one blow sent it down deep, deep deep down into the strata of the earth.

Mr Surendranath Banerjee's oratory is best likened to the oratory of Lord Ashbourne of which Mr Escott says in his 'Personal Forces of the Period'—"His is a sledge-hammer sort of oratory the syllables dropped one by one with a precision and force suggestive of a masonry instrument, crushing with the same sureness, a granite block or a filbert nut." As an orator Mr Banerjee is not placed *hors de combat* by interruptions. Interruptions serve only as fuel to the fire of his eloquence. He answers the interrupter immediately and at times adopts the phrase used by the interrupter as the

key-note to the rest of his speech Mr Bannerjee is a giant on the platform and sometimes uses the interrupter as tyrannically as a giant. He opens his broadsides against him for a minute and the interrupter is pulverized. There was a prominent instance of it at the last Congress Mr Bannerjee was holding forth on the general apathy of Congressmen. Somebody cried 'shame'. And Mr Bannerjee at once turned the tables on him by calling on him to prove as a model to all Congressmen. This reminds me of how O Connell once silenced an interrupter. O Connell was declaiming against Peel. A sympathetic auditor who was more angry with Peel than O Connell was, bawled out "I wish a crow picked Peel's eyes out". "I wish a crow" retorted O Connell immediately, "came and stuffed your mouth with potatoes."

Mr Bannerjee is essentially the open air orator of India. His is a hoisterous sort of eloquence. When he finishes his speech you feel as if a storm had blown away or a heavy shower of rain had just stopped. Raymond Blathwite special correspondent to *Black and White* while in India in 1891 pictured him as "a clear, silent dissenting preacher with all the popular orators love of phrases, something of his pomposity and not a little of his self appreciation. 'But' he added 'he possesses in addition the aptness, the love of the abstract, the courtesy of the oriental'". Mr. Bannerjee possesses an iron frame and an indomitable courage. He is

Mr Eardley Norton.

A most remarkable man! Try to catch him he slips through your fingers. Grab him under a heavy weight, he jumps up like a spring. Cast him on a land far off beyond the ocean, his voice comes gurgling over the waves. Talk on Indian politics, you cannot but talk about him. Go to a club, you hear his name pronounced. Read the proceedings of an Association, he figures with a speech. Are you a victim of tyranny and oppression? He is your champion. Are you a lover of truth and justice? He is on your side. Are you a hater of shams and official arrogance? He is hand and glove with you. Who such a man is, nobody need be told. About six feet high, thin of body and limb, he possesses a face remarkable in itself. To see it is to love it. See him once and there is no forgetting him. The stamp of his face is perpetually impressed on your memory. His eyes flash like lightning, they pierce you on all sides. His nose is singular in the extreme—singular in its curvature. His lips and chin—you cannot think of them without thinking of that great hero who 'with his Amazonian chin drove his bristled lips before him'. His broad and expansive forehead is an index to his intellect. Watch him for a moment and you see his restlessness. You will not find him in the same attitude, in the same posture for two minutes together. The exuberance of his energy makes him physically active as he is mentally. Such is Mr Eardley Norton.

Everything about Mr Norton is brilliant—his conversation, his speech, his style of writing. His conversation is sparkling, full of wit, full of humour, full of merriment. It embraces anything, everything, nothing. Themistocles said that a man's discourse was like a tapestry which when spread

copious flow of words, an admirable command of language, strong feeling, and a commanding presence. It is always a pleasure to hear him: but his words travel with lightning rapidity like his thoughts. His sentences sometimes may be far too long, and there may be at times too many parenthetical expressions: all the same he will complete the sentences without any faultiness in construction. He always remembers how he began. Some of his forensic flights of eloquence are masterpieces of their kind. There are instances in which he is known to have been for the whole day continuously on his legs, to follow up his arguments again the next morning and continue his speech again for hours, scarcely looking at his notes for arguments, always mentioning correctly and without reference the names of parties and witnesses of which there may be a very large number and pausing for no promptings from his assistants. He has a wonderful memory and when he has carefully prepared his brief either for arguing a case or for leading a discussion, anybody who meets him in argument finds in him a Tartar. Quick at repartee, he is a perfect master of intellectual fencing. Skilled in all the arts of debate, he could hold his own in any intellectual assembly. Wherever he speaks, whether at the bar or on the platform, he is attentively heard. Following Mr. Norton, at the first Allahabad Congress, the Hon. Mr. Mehta said "it was a very difficult task indeed" to speak on the proposition he was called upon to speak when he remembered that he was preceded by Mr. Norton who had made "one of the most able and eloquent speeches that he had ever heard." And I have seen Bradlaugh at Bombay bending forward on his table, adjusting his spectacles on his nose, placing one of his fingers behind his ear, and sit in that posture, throughout the whole of Mr. Norton's speech, literally hanging on his lips.

Brilliant writer, brilliant speaker, he is even more brilliant as a fighter. He is a man of pronounced ideas and helligrent

tastes Intellectual conviction is the "immediate jewel of his soul" and once convinced that he is in the right, nothing could stop him from fighting. When he fights, he fights with wonderful courage and his speeches then are speeches of vitriolic bitterness. The people of India have never had a stouter champion—"a stouter champion never handled sword." His life in India is summed up in one sentence which he uttered at the very first Congress he attended.

If it be sedition, gentlemen," he said, "to rebel against all wrong, if it be sedition, to resist class tyranny, to raise my voice against oppression, to mutiny against injustice, to insist upon a hearing before sentence to uphold the liberties of the individual, to vindicate our common right to gradual, to ever-advancing reform if this be sedition I am right glad to be called a seditionist. He has rebelled against wrong he has resisted class tyranny he has raised his voice against oppression he has mutinied against injustice he has insisted upon hearing before sentence he has upheld the liberties of the individual he has vindicated our common right to reform. He has fought for the people, by the people and he has fought a glorious fight, a most unselfish fight. On the one side, he found piled before him riches, titles, honors, offices, on the other side he found a helpless people struggling against oppression. He deliberately chose the latter. And like Robert Browning's hero he has been "ever a fighter." He has always enjoyed the genius and the joy of the strife. To fling himself on horseback at a moment's notice, to carry devastation into the enemy's camp, to put forth herculean efforts at a time of general despair, to strike dismay into the hearts of the enemy when in fancied security, to rout the opposing forces beyond all measurable distance—this is the sort of work Mr Norton is best fitted to do. Fearless dauntless, bravest of the brave he has fought many a battle against overwhelming odds regardless of consequences. He has not only fought against official tyranny and high handed

oppression, but he has fought against an unholy alliance against him at the bar, and he has fought against intrigues, plots and machinations. He is a power in the land he lives—the idol of his friends, the dread of his enemies, and a terror to all wrong doers. There is none in India who could more appropriately, more deservedly adopt as his motto —

‘ I live for the cause that lacks assistance
I live for the cause that needs resistance
I live for the future in the distance
And the good that I can do ’

He is the negation of cant and humbug. His kindness and generosity are proverbial. Many are the cases in which he has appeared without fees, either because he was convinced his client was the victim of injustice, or because his client was poor and needy or out of private friendship, and many are the instances in which he has unknown to the public, assisted poor boys with money and books. His kind heart is easily appealed to. Strong in hate, he is equally strong in love. His intimate friends are treated with the utmost consideration. His house, his library, his purse—all these are very generously open to them. Simple, sincere and straightforward, he is easily deceived by pretended friends. Not a flatterer himself, he hates flattery. He would not flatter Neptune for his trident or Jove for his power to thunder. And he would not believe if he were told he was Neptune or Jove. He has had his trials and troubles and none has withstood them more courageously than he. His social qualities make him the central figure in any society in which he moves. Where he is there is mirth, merriment, wit, wisdom, humour, and learning. None could play the host with more grace or with greater candour. Affable, social, he grasps by the hand the least distinguished of his guests with as much warmth as he welcomes the most eminent. And the occasion has become historic, when, at the first Congress held in Madras, in “Dunmore House” and its extensive gardens bright with a

myriad lights, buoyant with the luxuriance of foliage and the wealth of variegated flowers, assembled a thousand guests, from a thousand places, in a thousand costumes,

From Kashmir's icy mountains
From Cochin's coral strand
Where Mysore's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river
From many a palmy plain

to receive and enjoy the magnificent hospitality of their kindly host and fellow congressman, Mr Eardley Norton



Hon'ble Mr. P. Rungiah Naidu

Hon'ble Mr P Rungiah Naidu is a unique personage at the Congress Dark in complexion, his face covered with patches of grey hair which stand in imminent need of the barber's assistance, one of his eyes half open, the other full, he moves about with the ease and energy of a young man of five and twenty. He is dressed in white A white turban, peculiar in shape, concave in front flat at the top, with a small tail at the back which projects upwards, the like of which graces only the heads of the bazaar *Komatis* and *Chettis*, covers his head. A long white coat, innocent of pockets, not amenable to the discipline of buttons, with sleeves longer than his arms by at least a foot, carefully doubled up at the end, goes over his shoulders and kisses his knees A white waistcoat brings up his front and in one of its nether pockets lies concealed a small white handkerchief which is seldom disturbed. An ordinary country cloth, reddish on the sides, white in the centre, covers his nether limbs His feet are mounted on a pair of cheap slippers used by the country folk compelled to walk long distances

Simple in dress, he is simple in habits Out of bed at 4 o'clock in the morning in a dress which a fellow Congressman from Bengal recently mistook for his bathing costume, he walks miles before he attends to his day's work Over seventy years of age, he has known no ailments, suffered from no diseases He still displays two anperb rows of pearly teeth which may well awoke the envy of the fairest of women Hearty and hale, he is dexterous in crossing hills and dales, rice-fields and marshy swamps, pebbly brooks and thorny pathways At the treats to Sunday school children which Lady Aberdeen used to give at her suburban menage Dollis Hill,

Gladstone used to talk, laugh, play at hunt-the slipper with them he sang, he even danced with them sometimes he actually ran races with them Once, he delighted them by running a race with another sprightly young octogenarian, the late Sir Andrew Clarke, and came in a good winner by a head Mr Rungiah Naidu's children are full grown members of the *Madras Mahajana Sabha* He chats with them, cracks jokes with them, tells stories to them, discusses with them and rules them He is ready to enter the field in a walking match with any of them and in a running race, I am prepared to back the septagenarian against the newest accession to the *Sabha* Rough in speech and even uncouth in expression, he offends none, displeases none Erect in posture, with his thumbs thrust in the armholes of his white waistcoat, he gives full vent to his emphatic affirmations and negations, and it is a pleasure to hear him and follow his hearty laughter At private meetings he presides, he calls the members to order by a series of hard knocks on the table followed by a ringing repetition of "hear, hear hear hear" When the members grow noisy, he silences them by a thundering harangue lasting for a minute Hater of shams, he is no stickler at *etquette* he observes no formalities He is not one of those who will put his house in order because he expects a visit from you Careless of dress, regardless of appearance, he revels at home in sweet disorder, in lovely confusion If a footstool finds its place on a sofa, if ink is spilt on the table, if a chair has only three legs, if papers are strewn on the floor, if the clock wants winding, he will not set these right because you mean to visit him and you may be the Governor of Madras

The frowns of his official superior were useless against his determination not to button his coat the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh was not sufficient to induce him to put on trousers The only modern article of dress used by English speaking Indians which he has adopted is the waistcoat and

thereby hangs a tale. When he was young, or rather when the world was young and he was employed as an Interpreter in the Small Cause Court, his dress was the same that is to-day, except for his waistcoat. Instead of a waistcoat, he exhibited his shirt in the front and made his coat hang loosely on his shoulders. His immediate superior, the Chief Interpreter, did not favour this liberty and Mr Naidu was asked to tie up his coat, as the coat though devoid of buttons was furnished with strings. Mr. Naidu did not relish the idea. Off he went to the tailor's, ordered a waistcoat, wore it next day, pulled off the strings of his coat, appeared before the judges as Interpreter and returned to his superior officer to tell him that the judges had no objection to his new style of dress and he meant to stick to it. Ever since, he has been most loyal to his waistcoat. The gann was not more devoted to Alladin's wonderful lamp than Mr Rengiah Naidu is to his waistcoat. But his hatred of trousers is greater than his love of waistcoat. Was it not "Ouida" who spoke of trousers as "the culminating point in male attire of ugliness, indecency, unsuitability and anti-hygienic stupidity, a garment which conceals all symmetry of proportion yet most impudently suggests nudity"? Mr Rengiah Naidu is emphatically of the same opinion as 'Ouida' and Mr Rengiah Naidu is more practical. When the Duke of Edinburgh visited this city, every Indian of position in Madras resolved to honor His Royal Highness in trousers. And they all did it. But not Mr Rengiah Naidu. He set his face resolutely against this new abomination. He entered the Banqueting Hall exhibiting his naked feet. None the less, he was welcomed as warmly by the Duke as he welcomed others. Since then he has never been tempted into trousers.

Conservative in dress and habits he is democratic in his views. Mr Rengiah Naidu is nothing if not independent. Sturdy and strong physically he is equally sturdy and strong mentally. And on trying occasions when all had yielded and

all had lost courage, "old Rungiah" has been found faithful to his charge, true to his word courageous more than ever, ready to be sacrificed if sacrifice there must be Independence—sturdy, sterling independence is the chief trait of his character It is his chief food He has lived on it He has thriven on it And he has displayed his independence in little things as well as big, on small occasions as well as great He bearded an Advocate General in his own den who had issued a general order against natives driving inside his compound, by refusing to instruct him in a case on the plea that a man who was not fit to drive right up to his bungalow was not fit to instruct him and he created confusion in the mind of a European Magistrate who held his *lutcherry* in a room with no chairs for pleaders, by dragging a heavy chair from the adjoining drawing room and sitting in it In the days of Sir Grant Duff, when political agitation was in its infancy in Madras when those who worshipped authority were many and those who had the courage of their convictions few when the Government was autocratic and the people slavish, when public men lived in dread of warrants and the press in danger of prosecution, the dark and quaint figure of Mr Rungiah Naidu rose proudly above the rest in defiance of authority, in defiance of oppression And when in the name of the public a handful of Indians basking in the sunshine of official smiles, gathered together to do homage to their hero Mr Carmichael, the then senior member of council, Mr Rungiah had alone the courage to preside at a counter demonstration And later still when years had rolled away, when some of those very men who had marched under his banner of independence in the days of Grant Duff had sacrificed consistency and courage and congregated to do homage to Lord Willoughby, when unscrupulous men who took credit for stout-heartedness collapsed ignobly at the last moment when those who had promised had failed and those who were expected to be independent had miserably broken

down, "old Rongiah" again came forward and boldly took the field by signing a document of protest against any memorial to such an unpopular Governor as Lord Wenlock. Of all public men in Madras he is the man among Indians who has been weighed in the balance and not found wanting, tried in the furnace and still found pure.

Whenever the National Congress is held in Madras, none is more attentive to delegates none more solicitous of their comforts than Mr. Rongiah Naidu. His attention, his supervision extends everywhere, over everything and particularly over the culinary department. He is an adept in pleasing the palates of Congressmen. When the President of the Congress or the Secretaries sit at dinner and they begin to express surprise at the numerical preponderance of dishes, they are quietly told, some of them and a large number of them are Mr. Rongiah Naidu's special dishes! When the delegates congregate in the Congress compound for lunch Mr. Rongiah Naidu is there anxious to please all, willing to serve every one. Possessed of a kind heart, social and obliging, one of the gayest of old men, he is liked by all, revered by all. No writer, no speaker, possessing no great learning, no great accomplishments, with sterling independence as his chief merit, he sits enthroned on high on the hearts of the people of Southern India.



Mr A O Hume.

In the dim and distant future when India attains the position of a British Colony and comes to be recognised as an important self governing factor in the British Empire there is one name which will be gratefully recalled in all Indian households one name which will be cherished and revered far more than the name of any Empire-builder or Viceroy—the name of Allan Octavian Hume Mr Hume has done much more for India than any other Englishman living or dead It is glorious to make a nation kneel before you at the point of your sword It is equally glorious to govern an Empire famed for its fabulous riches But it is still more glorious to put a prostrate people on their legs and help them to walk. This is precisely what Mr A O Hume has done As the founder of the National Congress movement in India he has established an indisputable claim on posterity

In the early days of the Congress there was no figure more familiar to Congressmen none which was received with a more spontaneous onthurst of cheering than that of Mr Hume Tall and graceful in appearance he was remarkably active His gray hairs commanded respect The warmth of his words created enthusiasm His strong feeling sought an outlet in sympathetic expressions And his powerful imagination made him easily picture to himself the poor and forlorn condition of Mother India” Madame Roland wept at nine years of age she was not born a Roman citizen Tears of genuine warmth trickled down the cheeks of the revered old man when he thought of the condition of India In his younger days he had written in vigorous English reams of unsympathetic foolscap which passed for G O s and he had sought pleasure in the company of birds and butterflies on

National Congress, made all preliminary arrangements in the city where it was to be held, guided its deliberations without a hitch, wrote and edited its reports and invariably moved the annual proposition regarding the place where the succeeding Congress was to be held, till at last at the seventh session when he found the Congress needed no longer his tender solicitude and he himself felt the increasing burden of advancing years, he bade adieu to India and retired to England. At that Congress held at Nagpur he said, To me there is something saddening and something gladdening in this announcement, gladdening because we have reached the eighth Congress and are going to have a gathering which I know will be successful, saddening because for the first time from the commencement of the Congress, I shall not be present to share your enthusiasm and your labors for the good of the country. But be sure that, though distant from you in body, my spirit will be with you and I shall watch over your progress and shall be expecting, if still in the land of the living, to receive good tidings and hear that the next Congress is the most successful that you have

Mr. J. Ghosal

One fine morning you find a smooth faced stranger entering your city. Though on the wrong side of fifty, his face is free from the wrinkles of age and not a single streak of gray has gleams on his devoted head. The only indication of his age however, is the sparseness of hair which carefully combed dexterously conceals the deficiency. He is dressed English fashion from top to toe—and no mistake—and as he talks haltingly and in his own peculiar manner, a red handkerchief peeps out of his coat pocket ready to be at the service of its proud owner. At his heels is his faithful attendant whose Mahomedan beard and attractive livery indicate the high social rank of his master. Though a stranger to the majority of the population he is really no stranger in the city. He is met on his arrival by old faces which smile in evident satisfaction and welcomed by old hands which are vigorous in the exchange of greetings. He smiles, he bows, he embraces, he talks sweet words, he uses kind expressions. Such is Mr. Janakinath Ghosal.

His arrival heralds the Congress. Find you Mr. Ghosal in any Indian town in December? There the Congress will be held. He comes with the Congress, goes with the Congress. Or rather he comes before the Congress, goes after the Congress. First to come, last to go, Mr. Ghosal is the pivot round which the Congress turns. What Parliament was to Pitt, that the Congress is to Mr. Ghosal. It is his mistress, his stud, his dice-box, his game-preserve, it is his ambition, his library, his creed. Without him, no Congress has been held, without him will ever any Congress be held? The paternity of the Congress has been established. But, after all, the Congress does not know its real father. J

where is any one man who could dispute Mr A O Hume's claim to parentage it is Mr Janakinath Ghosal. There is no doubt however, that it was between them both that the Congress was hatched. If Mr Hume's claims to be known as the 'father' of the Congress ought to be unassailed, Mr Ghosal has a right to be known as its 'mother'. And the scene of their labours is not far off. Bombay is known as its birth place but the mother knows better—and I dare say the father—and how fondly Mr Ghosal points to the white storied building on the western side of the big tank in Mysore as the scene of his early labours. Yes in that storied building in one of its spacious rooms, did the idea of the Congress first originate. Mr Home was its father. Mr Ghosal was its mother and Dewar Bahadur Raghunatha Row and Mr (now Mr Justice) S. Subramania Aiyer were the nurses that assisted at its birth.

There is none better fitted to write the inner history of the Congress than Mr Ghosal. Who discovered who? Did Mr Hume first discover Mr Ghosal? Or, did Mr Ghosal first discover Mr Hume? This is still a problem of problems which few are able to solve. Mr Ghosal is the right hand man of the Congress President who always sits to the President's left at the Congress. He is the President's encyclopædia, his authority, his mainstay, his backbone, his adviser, his high priest, his plaything. He is in charge of the too too dreaded President's gong. He carries it from place to place, safely deposited in the innermost depths of one of his numerous boxes. It lies quietly buried there from year's dawn to year's end till when the Reception Committee having completed all arrangements has carefully forgotten the gong. Mr Ghosal quietly takes it out, places it on the President's table and uses it when he finds the President too indulgent. Mr Ghosal speaks but once at every Congress. As soon as the President's opening speech is over, up rises Mr Ghosal, reminds the delegates that they should restrict

their loquacious tendencies to ten or five minutes as the case may be, reads the rules of procedure, goes over the list of members of the Subjects Committee and then sits down amidst thunderous applause. That is the signal for the Congress to disperse on the first day.

Mr Ghosal is not only the advance guard of the Congress but its universal provider. Wherever he is he makes himself comfortable and makes all others feel comfortable who are with him. If you want anything which you cannot get in the Congress camp, you have only to enter Mr Ghosal's room. You wish to despatch a letter sealed and you find no sealing wax go to Mr Ghosal's room. You are thirsty and cannot get a cup of tea, go to Mr Ghosal's room. You have received a telegram from an unknown place and you wish to find out where exactly in the map it is go to Mr Ghosal's room. It is too late for you to return home and you wish to have a blanket to wrap yourself up in go to Mr Ghosal's room. You are required to make a speech at the Congress and you have not got the necessary books of reference go to Mr Ghosal's room. Your carriage has no lights and you wish to go home go to Mr Ghosal's room. You want to have a shave and a bath go to Mr Ghosal's room. In fact, there is nothing that Mr Ghosal has not got and he is only too ready and willing to oblige you. This thing you want is in the sixth drawer in box No 1 that thing you require is found at the bottom of the fifteenth layer of box No 22 and that other you are in need of turns up the moment box No 13 is opened. He is in charge of such a large number of articles that he never returns home after any Congress without losing something. It may be a spoon, a knife, a plate, a walking stick or an umbrella. Sometimes he discovers the loss before he leaves. Sometimes it so happens that he discovers the loss only after he reaches home. And then, he has such a strong memory that he gives you a graphic description of the articles he has lost. If it is an umbrella he knows how many

rib it had, at what angle it opened the quality of its handle the value of its cloth, &c, &c &c In fact Mr Ghosal is such a consummate master of details! If Mr Gladstone is known in his speeches to have made 'pippins and cheese interesting and tea serious,' Mr Ghosal in his letters makes umbrellas lively and spoons instructive

It is a rare privilege to have Mr Ghosal as your companion at table Jovial, amiable, of winning manners, the very pink of politeness with a rich supply of entertaining anecdotes and ever ready to give you the history of things unknown, Mr Ghosal keeps you roaring with laughter The little stories and the little incidents are told in his own quaint way, spiced with apt asides, which make you thoroughly enjoy his company There is nothing he does not know Ask him and he begins 'Oh! that is a long story and you hang breathless on his lips to catch the words of wit and wisdom which issue out of his mouth at long intervals and entertain you in a way you are seldom entertained at table No wonder that "Janaki" should be the universal favourite in Bengal Managing member of the British Indian Association, of the Indian Association for the cultivation of Science and of the Indian National Chamber of Commerce, Municipal Commissioner, Honorary Magistrate Secretary to the Managing Committee of the Bethune College for women, 'Janaki' is in great requisition everywhere in Bengal He manages both men and women Above all, he is the happy husband of his wife, the accomplished Miss Tagore, once editor of the only journal for women in India and the mother of an Indian Civilian and a lady graduate



Mr D E Wacha

Short, fair, lithe of limb, active sprightly cheerful, with a Parsi sloping roofed hat on his head, sporting a *puice nez* on his nose sitting hut to read or write, standing only to walk Mr Dusha Elulji Wacha is one of the most familiar figures at the Congress. He is its Joint General Secretary. But his title is disputed. As Mr Janakinath Ghosal disputes Mr Hume's claim to the title "Father of the Congress," so does Mr Janakinath Ghosal dispute Mr Wacha's right to be styled General Secretary. Year after year at the Congress Mr Wacha is reappointed General Secretary but year after year, some speak and others write of Mr Ghosal as General Secretary. The fact is the master of the ceremonies at the Congress has no other name to be known by. But there is a world of difference between General Secretary and General Secretary. There is nothing half so amusing or half so enjoyable as to be seated between General Secretary and General Secretary discussing some question or talking over some subject. On the one side you have a machine in perfect working order, throwing out word impressions at a wonderfully rapid rate, till you find yourself confronted by an avalanche of words. On the other side you find a stringed instrument struggling to make itself heard but abortive in its preliminary attempts to raise its tune to the necessary pitch. On the one side, you have to deal with a spirited race horse, on the other, your concern is with philosophic Jumbo. One only begins sentences, the other always com-

Mr. Dinshaw Dalip Wacha is the loftiest embodiment of activity to be found in the Congress camp. You see his boundless activity in whatever he does. Walking, he darts like an arrow. Talking, he monopolises all conversation. Writing, he writes pages after pages without effort. His letters are quite characteristic of the man. See you a square blue cover, with your address written in a sloping hand among your letters? Be sure it is Mr. Wacha's. Open it and you find at least two letter papers. Read it and you find every page of it written. From page to page there is no correction, no interlineation. Beginning at page No. 1, the writer stops only with the last letter of the last word on the last page—and this for want of another page! His hand travels quick from page to page; but his thoughts fly quicker. He never suffers from want of matter to write about. He is always so

more regular, no more faithful correspondent than Mr Wachha. He misses no English mail and every one of these carries to the British shores not one or two but more letters mostly to friends of the Congress. Such is the extent of his letter writing! More voluminous still is his newspaper correspondence. There are at least three papers in Bombay to which he writes regularly every week. there is at least one paper in Madras to which he writes equally regularly and as regards his occasional contributions his choice is not limited it extends from Bombay to Calcutta from Lahore to Madras. And whatever he writes is eagerly read both on account of the manner of it and the matter in it. And his political prescience is remarkable. Soon after the retirement of Lord Lansdowne and at the eve of the last General Election, when the Liberal Ministry stood in danger of momentary extinction, in a letter he wrote to me Mr Wachha predicted in no indistinct terms the exact lines on which the Conservatives, if they came to power, would curtail the liberty of the Press in India! At the time there was not the faintest, the remotest indication of it. And I myself was too optimistic to believe a word of it. Yet it came to pass. In addition to his voluminous private letters and newspaper contributions he carries on a large correspondence as the Manager of a Mill, and is besides, Secretary to the Presidency Association, Municipal Commissioner Justice of the Peace and Member of the City Improvement Trust in all which directions, he is equally active. A ready writer, a ready speaker, ready also to fight for any good cause when necessary, wonderfully active in a multiplicity of directions, social, affable, obliging Mr Wachha is loved and esteemed by all in Bombay etc etc.

Sir William Wedderburn

Breathes not another Britisher in all Great Britain who has a kindlier heart for the people of India than the President of the British Congress Committee. After the fitful championship of India by Bright and Fawcett, came a period when she succeeded in securing the sympathy the entire sympathy of a man of such consummate energy and ability as Bradlaugh. But the period was as brief as it was brilliant. In the height of his championship when all eyes in India were turned on their doughty champion in the House of Commons, he was suddenly cut off and India drifted again rudderless help less. But the void in the House of Commons was soon filled. As soon as Bradlaugh had gone out, another man entered and assumed the leadership of a small band of members who pledged themselves to India. When Parliament sits and London is in season this unpretentious old man whose forehead bears the stamp of sincerity and whose lips indicate his firmness is always seen busy in an upper room in Palace Chambers at Westminster, reading Indian papers, opening Indian letters, taking notes of Indian grievances, drafting Indian questions, consulting his colleagues eagerly as to the best way in which a particular matter relating to India may be handled in the House of Commons. Such is Sir William Wedderburn. Addressing the Bombay Congress over which he presided he said that having been in the service of the people of India for twenty five years and eaten their salt he hoped to devote to their service what still remains to him of active life. Sir William is still active—far too active for an old man. It is impossible to say when it is that Sir William renders himself more useful to India—when India is ruled by a rod of iron and the people are subject to trials and troubles or when all is peace and quiet here and nothing ruffles the Indian atmosphere. At all times Sir William is indefatigable. With sleepless eyes he watches over India prepared to bear the brunt of official attacks, and ready to share Anglo Indian abuse.

preparations for an eruption, or rather which shews the premonitory symptoms of an outburst. The symptoms indicate the nature of the result, and while now and then he carries his speech to such a pitch as to put the audience on the *qui vive* he disappoints them at the next moment. There is a sudden calmness, the storm which was brewing blows away quietly. If the volcano bursts or the storm breaks out, it cannot last long, and therefore Mr Caine does not attempt a volcanic or stormy oratory. The rumbling noise preparatory to an eruption can continue long, so will Mr Caine have the strength and energy to continue his addresses day after day. But if the volcano bursts in Madras to-day it cannot burst again at Dindigul or Bellary or any other town to-morrow. A sufficient time must elapse for further preparations and that is exactly what Mr Caine does not want to do. Mr Caine cannot be said to be free from gesticulations. He makes a freer use of his left arm than his right. The left arm keeps time with his words, points at the audience now and then and is always vigorously active. The right does less service: it is often akimbo and when he wants to lay special stress on any particular portion of his speech, lifts it up and receives in its palm the full force of his folded left hand."



Mr. A. M. Bose.

Mr. Ananda Mohan Bose is one of the best known Congressmen in Calcutta. Leader of a religious movement, there is piety in his talk. His gentleness is striking. He is easily moved to pity. He has a clear conscience. But enthusiasm is one of his chief qualities, enthusiasm in religion, enthusiasm in politics. Talking to him, you leave him to do all the talking. He has so much to say and he says it so well that you do not attempt the difficult feat of talking him into silence. As a speaker, he is impressive. There is music in the delivery of his speeches. With some it is the beating of the big drum. But Mr Bose's oratory is a combination of the South Indian violin, *vina* , *tambour* and drum. At a South Indian music party there is nothing so common as to see such a quadrilateral combination of musicians vying one with another, each trying to display his great skill, and all basking their heads in ecstatic approval of each other's performance and in harmony with their music and the audience when roused signify their approval in the same quaker fashion. Herein are combined pleasure, harmony, and agreeableness. Mr Bose's eloquence is of the same order and produces a similar effect. Stanley's whole intellect, it is said ran into his eloquence. Mr Bose's intellectual ability is clearly seen in his eloquence. He speaks straight from the heart and his speech is sweet to the ear. "Love and Service" is his motto. He was the first wrangler at Cambridge from India.



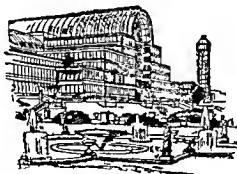
Raja Rampal Singh.

Raja Rampal Singh is a familiar figure at the Congress. Short and well made, he moves about with an enormous stick in his hand. When he speaks, he stammers but his stammering and stuttering has not prevented him from making some vigorous speeches. He is an ardent Congressman. He was being examined in a case as a witness for the defence. The prosecuting counsel in cross examining Raja Rampal thought he could make a strong point against him by eliciting the fact that he was a Congressman (seditious Congressman of course!) and he asked Raja Rampal Singh to his surprise whether he was not a Congressman. The Raja saw it through. He had no hesitation. He was not wanting in courage. He was prompt. "Yes," said he to the judge, bringing his closed fist with tremendous force on the table before him. "Yes, take that down I am a Congressman." The cross examining counsel did not pursue the subject further. To see Raja Rampal is ever to know him. But, for once I was puzzled. I had seen him familiarly in his English dress short coat collar, necktie, hat and all but attending a social gathering one night. I saw a short and well made figure in gold and velvet, dressed in oriental profusion, with diamonds and pearls all over. That was Raja Rampal by night. The other was Raja Rampal by day. The one was Raja Rampal at a political meeting. The other was Raja Rampal at a social gathering.



Pandit Madan Mohan Malavaya

Mr Madan Mohan Malavayya hails from Allahabad. His speech is as mellifluous as his name. He has a sweet voice and is one of the most enthusiastically welcomed of men on the Congress platform. Neither tall nor short, not stout but thin, not dark, dressed in pure white, with a white robe which goes round his shoulders and ends down below the knees, Mr Madan Mohan stands like Eiffel's tower when he addresses his fellow Congressmen. He stands slanting forward, admirably preserving his centre of gravity. His speeches are full of pellucid and sparkling statements and his rolling and interminable sentences travel out of his mouth in quick succession producing a thrilling impression on the audience. There is music in his voice, there is magic in his eye, and he is one of the sweet charmers of the Congress company. There was a connecting link between Raja Rampal Singh and Pandit Madan Mohan—the *Hindustan*. The one was proprietor, the other was editor. Schoolmaster before he became editor, Mr Madan Mohan has become a lawyer after becoming editor.



Mr. C. Sankaran Nair.

Mr C Sankaran Nair is "about as fine a specimen of one of India's fighting races as could be met with" He is as fit to command the Nair Brigade as he is to preside over the Coogress assembly He possesses two qualities which ought to win him distinction in the battle field as he has won distinction in the Congress pavilion—coolness and courage The Congress is in an uproar In one corner, there is confusion worst confounded—seats tumbling, men falling, others swearing in another place some Congressmen are crying at the top of their voice, fiercely gesticulating There is a general disturbance and all Congressmen are unconsciously thrown on their legs They look on with anxiety they query with impatience But one man has scarcely taroed in his seat he sits cool and collected and that is Mr Sankarao Nair He is a radical of radicals all the same he impresses many as a 'sober politician' He seldom speaks and when words run high and there is a heated discussion, he is silent, impenetrably silent Says he,

Vociferated logic kills me quite
 A noisy man is always in the right—
 I twist my thumbs fall back into my chair
 Fix on the wainscot a crossfaced stare
 And when I hope his blunders all are got
 Reply directly 'To be sure—no doubt'

Mr Sankaran Nair has the voice and constitution of an orator, but he lacks imagination, he wants the fire which whether subdued or allowed to flame is essential to the genius of the real orator He is averse to public speaking and his speeches generally are very short He is like a coy maiden too shy to speak



Mr. John Adam.

Mr. John Adam is a prominent Congressman whom Madras claims. He is a Scotchman and possesses the shrewdness and shares the practical qualities of the Scotch. His is a splendid figure. Tall, strong and well-built, he makes an impression physically as he does intellectually. Few have had the courage to change their profession after their fortieth year. Mr. Adam is one of the few. Having won distinction as a schoolmaster, he is trying to win distinction as a lawyer. He has perseverance, he has energy and he is of a sanguine temperament. That is the high road to success. His speeches are practical and he speaks with ease, often in a conversational style like Mr. Caine: and he is always patiently heard. Mr. Adam's versatility is marked. He is a mathematician, a lawyer, a journalist, a specialist in technical education, an authority on the land question, an author of Commercial Primers and an all-round University examiner.



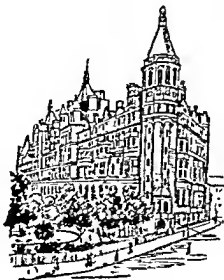
Mr. R. M. Sayani

Mr Rahimtollah M Sayani is a leading Mahomedan congressman. He joined the Congress, almost from the very beginning. But being of a quiet and retiring disposition, his worth was scarcely appreciated till he was called upon to fill the Presidential chair at Calcutta. His words are few but his presidential speech was long, very long. He is one of the few Mahomedans of Bombay in whom the public, Hindu, Mahomedan and Christian, all alike, have absolute confidence since a regrettable accident. Mr Sayani labours under all the disadvantages of 'strength by limping away disabled'. A spirit of resignation has come upon him. But his ardour is none the less cool. His energy is as sustained as ever. As a leading solicitor, as a member of the corporation, as Sheriff, as Joint Secretary to the Anjuman-e-Islam as member of the Bombay and the Imperial Legislative Council, Mr Sayani has rendered great service to the people of Bombay.



Mr. N. G. Chandavarkar.

Fair and of a prepossessing appearance, with greater affinity in features to his countrymen in Southern India, Mr. Chandavarkar is a well-known Congressman of whom Bombay is justly proud. There is something dashing about his speeches. He speaks in clear ringing tones and he is fluent speaker. An Anglo Indian paper has remarked that 'the ring of the English platform athlete is in his voice.' One of the earliest batch of our delegates to England, he had not the slightest hesitation in crossing the *Kalapani* though a Brahmin of Brahmins. He is a practical social reformer—a *rara avis* in these days of talk and tom-tom. He has a strong memory and he has sound knowledge. Both combined have made him a marked figure on the Congress platform.



Mr R. N. Mudholkar.

In Berars, there is no man better known than R N Mudholkar Boots, trousers, long black coat, a red garment round his shoulders, a Poona scarlet turban—the form his accoutrement Facts and figures are on his lips' ends The latest reports, the most recent bluebooks are a chief portion of his food. On the poverty of India, the condition of its agricultural population, on revenue management and on kindred subjects he could talk without getting tired And he has talked Englishmen into conviction in England and he has talked his own countrymen into reformation in India



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LECTURES

BY

G. PARAMASWARAN PILLAI, B. A.

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“MAN IN ENGLAND
AND INDIA.”

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“WOMAN IN ENGLAND
AND INDIA.”

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“THE THREE P’S (PETITION, PRESS
AND PLATFORM) IN ENGLAND
AND INDIA.”

—

“THE MAN OF THE CENTURY”
(GLADSTONE.)